

To-Night's Weather—RAIN.

To-Morrow's Weather—CLEARING; COLDER.

THE **FINAL**
EVENING **EXTRA**
WORLD

The

Evening

World.

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WORLD

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NATION ENSHRINES UNKNOWN HERO

WAR SPIRIT FILLS CAPITAL ON EVE OF ARMS PARLEY

Great Military Display for America's Unknown Hero Prelude to Conference.

HOPE FOR PEACE ERA.

Uncle Bids Fair to Open With an Extremely Flexible Programme.

By Martin Green.
(Staff Correspondent of The Evening World.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 11.—On the eve of the conference of the most influential political minds of the world, out of which it is universally hoped that there will be born an era of peace never ending, Washington is ablaze with the spirit of war. To one who was here in the stirring days of 1917 and has infrequently visited the Capital since, coming here to-day was stepping back four years.

The streets are walls of American, French, British and Italian flags, and here and there are seen the colors of Japan and Belgium. The sidewalks are crowded with men in uniform, most of them veterans of the conflict in France. But in all the pomp and ceremonies of military display there is a note of solemnity rather than a note of exultation—the note of solemnity that was here in the autumn of 1917 and the spring of 1918, when it was a question of getting our men across the sea in time.

Perhaps to-day marks the funeral of war as well as the funeral of the Unknown Doughboy whose deeds and sacrifices are being glorified by a nation. Perhaps this glittering show of military efficiency is the finale of armed conflict in a civilized world. Perhaps—but one would have to search far and penetrate deeply to find anybody whose opinion is worth anything that actually thinks so.

PEACE MAY BE USHERED IN BY MILITARY DISPLAY.
Washington is taking peace and thinking war. When the conference for the limitation of armament meets to-morrow, the war thoughts may be dissipated—swept away in fact, by the grandeur and significance of the ceremonies at the Capitol and Arlington Cemetery. Doubtless it is appropriate that a consultation of nations for the purpose of launching world-wide peace should be ushered in by a tribute to the forces that have settled questions of dispute between nations since the beginning of time.

At any rate the army and navy dominate to-day. And, back of the conference that is to begin to-morrow, with statesmen and financiers and professors and thinkers out in the forefront doing the talking and ad-

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Photo Taken To-Day of Unknown Hero Being Borne From Capitol to Arlington

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WOODROW WILSON DECLARED HE WOULD HONOR "UNKNOWN;" ASKED A PLACE IN THE LINE

No Invitation Had Been Sent Then—A Remarkable Figure in a Most Remarkable Ceremony Receives People's Cheers.

By David Lawrence.
(Special Correspondent of The Evening World.)

ARLINGTON AMPHITHEATRE, Va., Nov. 11 (Copyright, 1921).—Three years ago to the hour the big guns on the western front stopped firing and the world took count of the horrible toll of a great war. To-day, as if by symbolic parallel, the President of the United States, stood before the casket of America's unknown dead and preached a sermon of peace.

Mr. Harding's formula for the future is as yet undefined. To-day he gave expression merely to the principle of world concord. Tragically enough, there rode in the procession, behind the unknown warrior, another soldier, enfeebled and decrepit, who once rose to lofty heights as he too presented a formula for world peace—the League of Nations—only to have it rejected at "come after a historic political battle."

Down Pennsylvania Avenue rode the silent figure of Woodrow Wilson in the back seat of a victoria drawn by two horses. Twice had Mr. Wilson ridden thus through the main thoroughfare of the Nation's capital, bowing right and left in response to the plaudits of two inaugural crowds. To-day's solemnity was, however, no exception. The hundreds of thousands of people who had stood in reverent silence while President Harding, Gen. Pershing and the other notables trudged on foot behind the casket, gave vent to an outburst of cheering as the former President broke into view.

"It's Wilson—it's Wilson!" the crowd shouted, revealing both its

surprise at his appearance on such a cold day and the commendation, too, for the rugged courage which made Woodrow Wilson defy a physician's advice and pay homage to the soldier whom he commanded to war. Mr. Wilson wanted to participate. There was hesitation about inviting him. It would have been done anyway, but with characteristic disregard of precedent Mr. Wilson didn't wait for an invitation but blurted out the War Department he was coming. He asked permission to ride in a carriage, saying he could not walk. The request was granted.

It was Mr. Wilson's first public appearance since Inauguration Day last March, when he was too weak to go further than the Capitol Building and at the last moment gave up the idea of riding down Pennsylvania Avenue beside Mr. Harding.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 11 (United Press).—Woodrow Wilson was acclaimed for the second time to-day when a huge crowd of men, women and children gathered at his home this afternoon and paid him a tribute of cheers and flowers. Thousands of men, women and children staged an Armistice Day demonstration in front of his "S" street home here.

Police estimated that 15,000 persons jammed the street. The hill opposite the home was banked with dense masses of people.

Cheers brought Wilson out of the house a half hour before the appointed time. Assisted by a negro servant and Mrs. Wilson, the ex-President walked haltingly down the steps and to an automobile in which were seated four wounded veterans. Wilson shook each of them by the hand and gave them a word of greeting.

As Wilson reached the top step of his home, a woman, Clara E. Welch, Norfolk, Va., broke through the police lines and rushed to his side. Seizing his hand, she cried: "God bless you. You are the greatest man in the world."

GIRL IS ARRESTED AFTER MYSTERIOUS SHOOTING IN PARK

Six Different Versions Given of Wounding of Milk Striker.

Miss Vera Horner, twenty-four, a bookkeeper for the Clover Farms Dairy Company, was held without bail in the West Side Court to-day charged with felonious assault on Raymond M. Youngblood, twenty-eight, a striking employee of the company. He is at the Roosevelt Hospital with a bullet wound in the abdomen and is expected to die.

Miss Horner, when she was arrested at the rooming house where she lives, No. 156 West 101st Street, told five different stories. Youngblood himself said he was held up and shot by bandits in Central Park. It was from him the police learned that he was with Miss Horner at the time. Youngblood is married and lives at No. 599 West 81st Street.

The police have failed to reconcile details in the five stories told by Miss Horner. They even went over the scene of the shooting with the girl, retracing with her the stroll along "Rambler's Walk" to the overturned bench in a cluster of bushes where an unexploded cartridge was found. Miss Horner's stories are:

On the approach of the holdup men she took Youngblood's revolver, but accidentally shot him instead of the bandits; the gun accidentally went off while she and Youngblood were examining it; the two had a quarrel and Youngblood gave her the gun, asking her to shoot him; the fourth and fifth were that a holdup man had shot Youngblood. She insisted that she threw the revolver into the lake.

Miss Horner at first declared she had not known Youngblood was married. But when Mrs. Youngblood said the girl had been a frequent visitor to their home and had even taken Christmas dinner with them she changed her story. The girl's uncle is Luther Campbell, superintendent of the Clover Farms Company at No. 633 West 19th Street.

(Pimlico results, scratches, entries and selections on Page 2.)

President Harding's Address At Burial of Unknown Soldier In National Tomb at Arlington

AMPHITHEATRE, Arlington Cemetery, Nov. 11.

MR. SECRETARY OF WAR AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: We are met to-day to pay the impersonal tribute. The name of him whose body lies before us took flight with his imperishable soul. We know not whence he came, but only that his death marks him with the everlasting glory of an American dying for his country.

He might have come from any one of millions of American homes. Some mother gave him in her love and tenderness, and with him her most cherished hopes. Hundreds of mothers are wondering to-day, finding a touch of solace in the possibility that the Nation bows in grief over the body of one she bore to live and die, if need be, for the Republic. If we give rein to fancy, a score of sympathetic choruses are touched, for in this body there once glowed the soul of an American, with the aspirations and ambitions of a citizen who cherished life and its opportunities. He may have been a native or an adopted son; that matters little, because they glorified the same loyalty, they sacrificed alike.

We do not know his station in life, because from every station came the patriotic response of the five millions. I recall the days of creating armies, and the departing of caravels which braved the murderous seas to reach the battle lines for maintained nationality and preserved civilization. The service flag marked mansion and cottage alike, and riches were common to all homes in the consciousness of service to country.

We do not know the eminence of his birth, but we do know the glory of his death. He died for his country, and greater devotion hath no man than this. He died unquestioning, uncompaining, with faith in his heart and hope on his lips, that his country should triumph and its civilization survive. As a typical soldier of this representative democracy, he fought and died, believing in the indisputable justice of his country's cause. Conscious of the world's approval, appraising the magnitude of a war the like of which had never horrified humanity before, perhaps he believed his to be a service destined to change the tide of human affairs.

In the death gloom of gas, the bursting of shells and rain of bullets, men face more intimately the great God over all, their souls are aflame, and consciousness expands and hearts are searched. With the din of battle, the glow of conflict, and the supreme trial of courage, come involuntarily the hurried appraisal of life and the contemplation of death's great mystery. On the threshold of eternity, many a soldier, I can well believe, wondered how his ebbing blood would color the stream of human life, flowing on after his sacrifice. His patriotism was none less if he craved more than triumph of country; rather, it was greater if he hoped for a victory for all human kind. Indeed, I

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HOUSE-TO-HOUSE DELIVERY OF MILK IS NOW ANNOUNCED TO BEGIN TO-MORROW MORNING

26 Men Employed by Staten Island Company Return to Jobs.

The house to house delivery of milk will be resumed to-morrow in all boroughs, according to Secretary Nathans of the Milk Conference Board.

This will be possible, he said, because of the injunction obtained by the milk companies yesterday in Brooklyn. It is a temporary injunction, returnable Monday before Supreme Court Justice Kelly, but Mr. Nathans said that in the meanwhile the strikers are enjoined from all interference with milk delivery and sale, not only in Brooklyn, but in all parts of Greater New York and in Westchester County.

As a result of the injunction, strikers who indulge in violence may be charged not only with disorderly conduct but also with contempt of court, and may receive jail sentences.

Twenty-six drivers, the entire force of the Meadowbrook Company on Staten Island, returned to work at noon to-day. It was said that all the

Borden drivers on Staten Island will probably return to their jobs to-morrow morning. When the Meadowbrook wagons went out at noon they went without police protection and no violence was reported.

President Loton Horton of the Sheffield Company to-day sent letters to all striking employees and to Health Commissioner Copeland setting forth the terms on which the strikers may return to their jobs. The other big companies sent out similar letters.

The terms provide for the open shop and for the same wage scale as prevailed when the strike started, except in one instance. Formerly the general utility men who had inside jobs got \$29 a week and the general utility men outside got \$30. The new terms provide \$30 a week for general utility men whether they work inside or out.

Another clause in the agreement that each man must sign if he gets his job back provides that he shall not quit the job without giving one week's written notice. On the other hand, the companies agree not to

(Continued on Twelfth Page.)

PRESIDENT, ALLIED CHIEFS AND NATION PAY UNKNOWN SOLDIER HIGHEST HONORS

Vast Throngs on Arlington Hills Stirred by Impressive Rites as America's Symbol of Valor Is Laid in His Last Resting Place.

BY KIRKE L. SIMPSON

of the Washington Staff of the Associated Press.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 11.—Laid to rest with all the honors a grateful Nation could pay, the Unknown Hero was bivouacked among the gallant dead to-day in Arlington National Cemetery.

The highest officers of the Army and Navy walked beside his coffin, none but his gallant comrades of the Great War laid hands upon it. President Harding walked behind his bier to do him homage; former President Wilson made his first public appearance in months; Gen. Pershing turned aside an opportunity to ride, and trudged beside the body to the last resting place.

Representatives of foreign Governments reverently laid their highest military decorations on his casket, and with soil from France, where he fell unknown, he was laid away.

MRS. HARDING SOBS AS PRESIDENT PAYS HERO LAST TRIBUTE

Her's Not the Only Tearful Eyes in Multitude, but None More Touching.

ARLINGTON, Nov. 11. Mrs. Harding burst into tears as the President delivered his tribute to the Unknown Soldier to-day. She choked back her sobs as best she could, and now and then frankly dried her eyes with a lace handkerchief.

Her's were not the only tearful eyes in that multitude, but no one's grief was more touching. Police reserves were called out here to clear the dense traffic jams across the two bridges leading from Washington to the Arlington National Cemetery.

Hundreds of persons were kept from the ceremony because of the

RATIFICATIONS OF TREATY WITH GERMANY PASSED

Exchange Made in Berlin by Commissioner Dresel and Chancellor Wirth.

BERLIN, Nov. 11. America and Germany to-day exchanged ratifications of their peace treaty on the third anniversary of the ending of the fighting in the World War.

Loring Dresel acted for the United States, Chancellor Wirth for Germany.

Veteran Collapses as Taps Sound in the Garden.

Major George Breck, a veteran of the Civil War, eighty-nine years old, collapsed on the platform of Madison Square Garden as the amplifiers were giving out the music of the bugle playing "Taps" over the grave of the Unknown American at Arlington. The veteran was removed to his home in an ambulance.

Minute guns at Fort Myer boomed their continuous tribute as the funeral procession was passing from the Capitol to the great marble amphitheatre in Arlington, where the ceremonies were opened with the playing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" by the Marine Band.

CAPITAL STIRS TO ACTIVITY WITH THE DAWN.

Just as the first of the sun's beams touched the Statue of Liberty surmounting the Capitol dome, beneath which lay the Unknown Soldier and where stood his unassuming guard, sharp commands began to ring out about the Capitol and parts of the military escort began to take their places.

Historic Pennsylvania Avenue, about to witness a new tribute to a Nation's dead, was roped off and all traffic stopped as when an inaugural parade passed over its broad way. Before sunrise spectators began to line the sides of the avenue.

There was a stir at the White House and at 1:30 o'clock automobiles were in waiting to take President Harding to the Capitol to take his place in the funeral procession as the Nation's chief mourner.

As the east door of the Capitol rotunda swung open there entered the first flood of sunshine and lighted the bronze figure sent by the President of China, resting on the base. The body bearers lifted the coffin and then put it back. It was a test. The mountain of flowers stacked high against the walls and in a circle on stands close in remained undisturbed over night. Trucks were waiting to transfer them to Arlington ahead of the procession, but by another route.

BODY BEARERS CARRY COFFIN OUT TO CAISSON.

band outside played "Nearer, My God, to Thee." The coffin then was lifted upon the shoulders of the body bearers and taken through the east door to the caisson a few moments before 5 o'clock. The honorary pall bearers followed. There was a company in the rotunda. As the body was removed, the soldier guard of

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